

Oct. 7th 1858

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No. CLXV.

7607

THE MINOR DRAMA.

P51124
B484
1857

NEPTUNE'S DEFEAT;

OR,

THE SEIZURE OF THE SEAS.

A NEW AND CURIOUSLY ORIGINAL

Allegoric, Mythologic, Metaphoric Filtration of Sur-passing Events.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

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122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)



Cast of the Characters.—[NEPTUNE'S DEFEAT.]

PS 1124
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1858

ANCIENT FOGIES.

- Neptune*, a Son of Malt and 'Ops—the Julius Cæsar of the Seas—but now reduced to the deepest extremity, though making superhuman efforts to keep his head above water Mr. Brougham.
- Chronos*, occasionally called *Saturn*, but generally *Time*—a vain old weathercock, exceedingly regular in his movements, but altogether too slow for the present age Mr. Sloan.
- Oceanus*, Neptune's father-in-law—a jolly old salt, partial to junketting Mr. Chippendale.
- Boreas*, a very great blower—son of Aurora, and considerable of a roarer himself Mr. C. Bernard.
- Triton*, Neptune's eldest son—heir-apparent to his parent, and first Prince of Whales Mr. F. Hodges.
- | | | | | |
|----------------|---|--------------|-----------------|---------------|
| <i>Æolus,</i> | } Wind Instruments, played on by Neptune. | } Mr. Jones. | | |
| <i>Auster,</i> | | | } Mr. Smithson. | |
| <i>Corus,</i> | | | | } Mr. Holmes. |
| <i>Aquilo,</i> | | | | |
- Submarines generally*, Messrs. Brewer, Oliver, Cotton, Traddleton, &c.
And a numerous Chorus and Corps de Ballet
- Amphitrite*, Queen of the Ocean, and acknowledged leader of the codfish aristocracy Mrs. Floyd.
- July*, the sunniest daughter of the year Miss E. Henrado.
- Nereïads*, sparkling sea nymphs, diamonds of the first water Misses Pyne, Cooke, Stella, Reeves, Forrest, and a numerous corps of auxiliaries.

MODERN INNOVATORS.

- Electros*, a son of Mercury and Iris—an astonishingly fast young spark, determined to make his way through the world Miss M. Gannon.
- St. George*, proxy for Albion at the distinguished marriage in high life, below stairs Mr. Lascelles.
- Columbia*, the interesting party on the above happy occasion; for further particulars, see "Jenkins." Miss Tree.

C o s t u m e .

- NEPTUNE.**—White cloth of silver under skirt, rich tissue over; blue toga, with Grecian trimming; fleshings and sandals.
- TIME.**—Grey tunic, dark drapery; half-body fleshings and sandals; large wings; scythe and hour-glass.
- OCEANUS.**—Brown tunic, with green trimming; dark-blue toga; fleshings and sandals; long pig-tail.
- TRITON.**—Same, in other colors.
- All the sea-gods in similar dresses.
- ELECTROS.**—Amber skirt, spangled, Grecian trimming; small blue toga, spangled; winged cap and winged sandals; wand with brilliant star.
- AMPHITRITE.**—White Grecian dress, trimmed with green; bright green gauze over skirt; coral crown.
- NEREÏADS.**—White dresses, with pink gauze over skirts.

NEPTUNE'S DEFEAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Stalactite Sea-Room in Neptune's Subaqueous Crystal Palace.*

His Majesty and Suite discovered, having a high old time below.

OPENING CLAMOROUS CHORUS.

Air, "Jolly Young Waterman."

Oh! have you not heard of this jolly old waterman,
Who o'er the seas doth unceasingly reign,
Yet is no pale melancholy cold waterman,
But a good fellow you'll find in the main.

Old Burton ale he so loves to guttle be,
Paints his nose till it looks quite Cuttley;
He's ticketed not to be kept very dry,
So this waterman still has a drop in his eye.

[Repeat chorus.]

Nep. [Coming forward.] Go it, my Tritons! raise a jolly shine;
Sound your deep C's, for we're below the line.
These mortals, reckless worshipers of stocks
And stones, who any lengths to reach the rocks
Will go, can hardly drop their prying leads
So low as this to knock about our heads.
Ain't it a shame the monarch of the wave
Within these grottoes should be forced to cave,
Like a base Troglodyte fish-eating sinner,
With not a morsel of fresh meat for dinner?
Our stump-tail sea-cows on still waters feed,
And swill so much they make bad beef indeed.

Oceanus. I don't object to it by way of lunch—

It has a smack, you know, of strong milk punch,

- And that just suits my palate to a T.
 Besides, my eyes and limbs, you'll all agree
 That grain-fed cattle must at least *feel* prime,
 The beef is only corned before it's time.
 I never knew a cow, since I was born,
 That didn't carry in her head a good stiff horn.
- Nep.* Or *two*; and that's a boneyfide fact.
 So we should only reverence the tact
 Of those who scientific truths instill,
 And sing the glories of immortal swill;
 Pitying as we ought the world's blindness,
 And call their milk the milk of human kindness.
- Oceanus.* Steer clear of libel, Neptune, for I doubt
 If any housekeeper would bail you out;
 The Centre Street Hotel is rather gloomy,
 And such remarks might read a little Toombey.
- Nep.* Well, then, we'll drop them. What is there of note
 Above us—is there anything afloat?
 I mean, ought fishy in the social scale
 To point a moral or adorn a tale?
- Oceanus.* Nothing that I know of. But see,
 Your worthy father comes—old Time—and he,
 No doubt, will tell us all the freshest news,
 Could we detain him.
- Nep.* Oh! he won't refuse
 To stay with us awhile—I'll tell you why:
 We'll wet his wings so he won't dare to fly,
 And when he's soaked in rum we'll pump him dry.
- Enter TIME, with scythe and glass, L. 11.*

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

It's Time—old Time—let's seize him ere he passes,
 And prime and prime him with our jolly cheer;
 So, Time—old Time—come fill our empty glasses,
 No time, old Time, you'll lose by waiting here.

- Nep.* How are you, dad?
- Time.* Come, sonny, stand aside;
 Time must sail on, whatever may betide,
 So let me go.
- Nep.* Pshaw! stuff! your anchor drop;
 As you've run down, you know, you'll have to stop.
 We'll watch your movements closely, never fear.
- Time.* 'Twould puzzle you, I think, to keep Time here
- Nep.* Not so; with proper instruments we're stored,
 For see, our glasses sparkle on the board;
 Than your sand-clouded hour-glass far more bright,
 Stars shine through ours the darkest sort of night.
 So come, old Saturn, don't look Saturnine;
 The grape invites you—drink, and feel divine.
 Put down your glass; you see I've put down mine.

Time. Excuse me, but I mustn't give up that.

Nep. [*Changing the hour-glass for a tumbler.*] Here, take it, then ;
and now I'll bet a hat
He'll be more social. Well, why don't you slip
Your cable ?

Time. I think I'll stay awhile and taste your flip. sme

Nep. Tip us your flipper ; pass the grog along ;
And now, my Tritons, we shall try a song. sssss

SONG.—NEPTUNE.

The Legend of the Lazaretto.

I'll sing you a song, one
That sha'n't be a long one,
About a remarkably nigh land ;
On a map of the world,
If it should be unfurled,
You will find it is called Staten Island.
For oh ! it's a tight little island,
It's an A No. 1 little island ;
The famed Isle of Wight
Isn't quite—honor bright—
Such a paradise as Staten Island.

It was some time ago,
When the prices were low.
A few people went over to buy land ;
" For it's likely," said they,
" That at some future day,
It will be a most populous island ;
And oh ! in this tight little island,
In this A No. 1 little island,
Without any trouble
Our money we'll double,
Each year that we're on Staten Island."

Now it happened in time,
From the southern clime
There came a great dread of infection,
And the folks in the city
They thought it a pity
To be so exposed to its action ;
To Yellow Jack's mischievous action,
His mean and insidious action—
" And," said they, " all our trade
On the shelf will be laid,
If we don't keep him out of our section.

So they hunted a spot
 For a hospital, lot
 From the Hook round to Nevasink Highland,
 But the fish wouldn't bite,
 For they thought—very right—
 It would make all the neighborhood shy land ;
 All the rest of the property shy land,
 Completely unsaleable dry land,
 " So," said they, " just depart
 With your pestilent cart,
 For you don't get an inch of our highland."

Then the Island they tried,
 Where so few did abide
 That they easily managed to sly, land
 Where some one content
 With a hundred per cent.,
 Sold a slice of the young Staten Island ;
 The A No. 1 little Island,
 The thinly-inhabited island—
 An while she was green
 A complete Quarantine
 Was created upon Staten Island.

In a very short time,
 The salubrious clime
 And the taxes that worried the nigh land,
 Made hundreds incline
 To Manhattan resign,
 For a more economical island ;
 So they rushed to the neighboring island,
 To the A No. 1 little island,
 And, keeping in petto,
 That same lazaretto
 Built speedily up Staten Island.

But one midsummer night,
 When the city was tight,
 All ablaze like a great fire-fly land,
 There suddenly came
 A more luminous flame
 From the threatened pestiferous island ;
 For the nuisance that stood in the island—
 The rash and igniferous island—
 Couldn't patiently wait
 To be moved by the State,
 So the army is down on the island.

Oceanus. Those notes are pleasing. How do they strike you ?
Time. Like notes on time matured, or new-fallen due.

- Nep.* What a business-like comparison !
- Time.* Well, and how's the wife ?
- Nep.* I believe she's tidy, but upon my life
I don't exactly know. I grieve to say
She's metamorphos'd since old Ovid's day.
- Oceanus.* You've touch'd a tender subject ; have a care,
Their marine majesties are not a pair.
- Time.* They haven't parted ?
- Oceanus.* No, they live together,
Because they've got to, just like wind and weather ;
And I must say, although she is my daughter,
She keeps us, the whole boiling, in hot water.
- Time.* And what's the cause of quarrel ?
- Oceanus.* No one knows.
Incompatibility of temper, I suppose.
That's the cant now, whene'er a tired spouse
Would fain repudiate the marriage vows.
- Time.* Ah ! yes, I see I must condole with him a few.
What's gone amiss, old chap ?
- Nep.* What's that to you ?
- Time.* Oh, nothing !
- Nep.* [To TRITONS.] Be off ! we wish to be alone a spell.
Now can I make a clean breast of it and tell
You all the griefs that in my bosom dwell.
I'm wretched.
- Time.* No ! how so ?
- Nep.* Ah ! no one knows
The depth of a submerged monarch's woes.
Time was, you recollect, when all alone
I reigned ; the seas you saw were all my own ;
In my shell bark I could securely glide,
And o'er old Ocean unmolested ride.
But now, those reckless insects of a day—
Those petty, but presumptuous sons of clay—
O'er every element for conquest pine ;
Unsatisfied with their domain, launch out on mine,
And drive us, with their paddles and propellers,
Down ignominiously to our sub-cellar.
- Time.* I've seen it all ; and now, 'twixt me and you,
I'll own I feel a little shakey too.
Those chaps are getting so confounded fast,
They're likely to trip up my heels at last ;
With their trained lightning and galvanic clocks
They've given me some rather serious shocks.
My sober glass, 'tis clear thy race is run ;
And even my death-dealing scythe's outdone ;
Bad rum, foul streets and careless quarantines
To mow folk down are more complete machines.
- Nep.* I have, alas ! a traitor near my throne—
She whom I once could say was all my own

Is leagued with those vile crews beyond a doubt ;
 Upholds their craft and sets them all afloat ;
 Speeds them along where'er they wish to go,
 And harbors them in safety when I rage and blow ;
 Nay, I suspect that with these things of clay
 She has a secret understanding in some way.
 I think I know the daring go-between
 That thus presumes to tamper with our queen.

Time.

Who is he ?

Nep.

He's a flashy kind of spark ;
 And fast, almost as fast as Young New York ;
 A son of Mercury and Iris, *you* know,
 The nimble messengers of Jove and Juno ;
 Their union was a recent sly affair,
 And therefore it's not found in Lempriere.

Time.

And what's his name ?

Nep.

Electros.

Time.

Phew ! the upstart pup,
 Who swears, I'm told, he's bound to use me up ;
 Upset my calculations in a streak,
 And knock me into the middle of next week.

Voices.

Stop him ! Stop him !

[*Noise outside.*
Music, "Bronze Horse."]

Nep.

Hallo ! what's all this noise about ?

Enter TRITON.

The devil damn thee black ; thou cream-faced lout !
 Why don't you speak ?

Triton.

My liege, there's a runaway sea-horse
 Coming like lightning.

Nep.

That must be a Morse.

[*Music increases. Fish in numbers pass rapidly across at back,
 through opening ; next the sea-horse, with ELECTROS after, c.*]

CONCERTED PIECE.

TRITONS.—*Phantom Chorus, "Somnambula."*

Oh ! sight of wonder !

We all knock under.

A youth comes riding,

A Morse bestriding,

On, dashing splashing

'Mid lightnings flashing.

Who can he be ? who can he be, we'd like to know ?

Solo.—NEPTUNE.

Can it be Barnum,

Our mermaids' scarnum ?

Or is it Cyrus,

Come here to wire us ?

That is *if* any
Be left by Tiffany.
Who can it be, thus through the sea, come down below ?

Enter ELECTROS.

Solo.—ELECTROS.

Oh ! I'm a brisk and gay young fellow,
Through the seas just come to see
How far down I can propel a
Flash of electricity.

NEPTUNE *and* TRITONS.

Did he, would he, could he, should he, come to scare o
Hurry worry flurry with his idle riddle low,
Soon the coon will rip and tear o,
Who's boss here we'll let him know.

ELECTROS.

When the world emerged from chaos
I drove Adams' first express,
And with Cyrus I took Teios
While the Greeks were supperless.
Did he, &c.

Elec. Why, here's old Daddy Time. You take it cool ;
Don't you know that it's to-morrow, you old fool ?
Time. You're fast, my friend ; I think I ought to know.
Elec. Oh, no, I'm not ; it's you who are too slow.
What time are you ?
Time. Just nine.
Elec. And I say *two*—
Five hours, you see, old clock ahead of you.
Time. What sort of time is that, I'd like to know ?
Elec. Greenwich ; I left it just ten seconds ago.
That is to say, by *my* time—but by yours,
I sha'n't have left it yet by several hours.
Oceanus. Ha ! ha ! tell that story to the sub-marines ;
The old salts won't believe you.
Nep. By no manner of means !
Elec. It's true, for all that.
Nep. Then, by your word,
You know of things before they have occurred ?
Elec. I do.
All. You do !
Elec. Distinctly, honor bright ;
That's if my continuity's all right.
Time. I don't believe a word of it !
Elec. Because it's new.
I'm not surprised—old fogies never do.

But when their heels are trodden on, they cry,
 "Who would have thought it?"

Time. By Jingo, I must fly

If this be true.

Elec. You needn't cut away;

You're safe enough as long as I can stay.

Time. But I am due now at the City Hall.

Elec. The clock is gone—

Time. And justice, too?

Elec. Sword, scales and all

Burnt down, in fact, a practical reproof
 That justice should not always be outside that roof.

Nep. Suspicious thoughts are ranking in my breast;

I doubt this spark—I'll put him to the test.

Elec. Where's Amphitrite? 'tis to her I'm bound.

Nep. He's deep, but yet I think that I can sound
 Him slyly. Ahem! might we presume to know
 The business which has brought you here below?

Elec. Nothing particular—I thought I'd dive
 Down here to see if you were all alive.

Nep. I don't believe a word of it.

Time. Nor I.

Nep. Quite clear that it's a most transparent lie,
 And yet we can't see through it.

Tri. Sail in the offing.

Nep. What?

Make her out.

Oceanus. It's the Royal Yacht

Just come from Newport.

Nep. Ha! my wife! young sir!

Our Queen approaches, if it be to her.

You come with mischievous intent, beware!

And of a husband's vengeance have a care.

Elec. These lines though not bran new, are flowery;
 I think I've heard you speak them at the Bowery:

But I'm not scared, however, you may spout,

All Neptune's ocean now, can't put me out.

Nep. I have a notion that it can; we'll see.

Chronos, you watch him well.

Time. Leave him to me.

AMPHITRITE and the NERIADS descend in a brilliant car c., drawn by
 Dolphins, or most probably by ISHERWOOD.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—NEPTUNE and TRITONS.

Now singing Tritons, clear your throats,

The ocean bank will cash your notes.

Shout out each loyal submarine,

And welcome back the Ocean Queen.

She's a coming down here and I guess we'll have to mizzle,
 Such a gettin' down stairs I never did see;
 She's a coming down here and I guess we'll have to mizzle,
 Such a gettin' down stairs is a miracle to me.

[AMPHITRITE and ELECTROS telegraph.]

Nep. Did you see that? as sure as we're alive,
 They're telegraphing—but in vain they'll strive
 To hide their plots from me; let me be calm.
 You and this spark have met before, Madame?

Elec. Oh, frequently.

Nep. Submerge; who spoke to you?

Amphi. You're out of sorts, my love, I think?

Nep. A few.
 Where have you met?

Elec. Her majesty's face is
 Familiar quite at all the watering places.

Nep. [To AMPHITRITE.] Do you object to answer?

Amphi. Not at all,
 In the Ocean House at the Magruder ball
 I believe it was,

Elec. Yes, fairest of the fair,
 I think we had a slight flirtation there.

Nep. What's that I hear?

Ampei. Don't put him in a rage.

Elec. I'll check his passion quickly, I'll engage.
 With this magnetic wand, o'er land and sea,
 O'er time and space I have the mastery.

Nep. Why, would you dare with us to have a tussle?

Elec. You can bet your pile, I travel on my muscle.

Nep. Does the poor witless calf defy my power?
 Give me my Trident, I'll soon make him cower.
 By this young scamp we'll be no longer mocked;
 Abate him, he's a nuisance.

Elec. Stand aside, or you'll be shocked.

Chorus—commence a violent strain, but are suddenly electrified, and
 remain in attitude.

Nep. Science has strength, you see, my royal friend,
 To which the very highest have to bend.
 Who would suppose such fierce sea-dogs were these,
 And this the mighty monarch of the seas.
 Don't be afraid for they can't move a fin—
 If you have anything against them now pitch in.

Amphi. That would be mean.

Elec. Well, let us leave them here
 As I have something for your private ear.
 Good bye; you won't be so inclined to lark
 Again, I think, with an electric spark.

[*Music.* *Exeunt* ELECTROS and AMPHITRITE, R. H. *Rest closed in.*]

SCENE II.—*Amphitrite's Coral Boudoir.**Enter ELECTROS and AMPHITRITE, R. H.*

Amphi. I'm not quite sure that I am acting rightly,
To take this shocking circumstance so lightly.
But you have such a strange attractive way,
That now you're here we'll hear what you've to say.

Elec. Most gracious queen, without prevarication,
I'm on a matrimonial speculation.

Amphi. A youth like you!

Elec. Excuse me, not at all!
The parties sent me down to make this call,
To sound you, and if possible find out
Exactly how the land lay here about,
So that I might be privileged in fine
To carry to and fro a loving line,
That is to say, if you have no objection.

Amphi. Who are the objects of this deep affection?

Elec. The princeliest realm that rises from the waves,
Your youngest daughter, fair Columbia, craves
In peaceful union.

Amphi. *Albion!* you surprise me now.

Why, not long since, they had a precious row.

Elec. It's natural for cousins to fall out.

Nine times in ten they don't know what about.

Amphi. Cousins! but don't that trench on the degree
Of interdicted consanguinity?

Elec. Oh, not at all! they're cousins german, merely;
Dutch institution, weak and lager bierly.
But nothing can be done till you decide;
Without your aid the knot *cannot* be tied.

Amphi. But how can I assist you?

Elec. You shall hear.

The high contracting parties will ere long appear
In the Niagara, a nation's pride,

And the brave Agamemnon—side by side.

Midway from either shore they mean to stop,

And in a friendly way upon you drop.

Now, if you can but keep old Neptune still,

Our purpose we should easily fulfil,

The anxious couple in a trice be triced

Together, and in fact securely spliced.

When the two hemispheres are linked in one,

I'll pass the word to pipe all hands for fun.

Amphi. That's well enough, but who's to start the treat?

Elec. They'll each pay out and so make both ends meet.

Amphi. Well, sir, I'll promise to do all I can

To pacify my terrible old man.

If the great bear should find out what you're doing,
A storm, depend upon it, he'll be brewing.

Elec. Why then, we'll heve to trust to luck and you.
[*Steam whistle heard.*]
 That sound! hurrah! they're at the rendezvous.

VAUDEVILLE.—ELECTROS.

Air, "O Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad."
 'Tis the mild and melodious steam signal I hear,
 Through the Halifax fog it falls soft on the ear,
 Though old daddy Neptune should boil up like mad,
 Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Submarine landscape—Aquatic plants, &c.—Whistle heard very loud—Chorus of agitated water spirits.*

RAILROAD GALOP.

What I wonder,
 So far under,
 Raising,
 Blazing,
 Row amazing,
 Yelling,
 Swelling,
 Peace dispelling.
 What in thunder, is the muss?
 Is it stump speaker?
 Or freedom shrieker,
 Mad raver,
 Rip staver,
 Or else the comet,
 Though we're far from it,
 Kicking up here such a fuss.

Enter NEPTUNE, L. H.

Nep. Hallo! what means this everlasting row?
 Boreas.

Boreas. Aye, aye!

Nep. Was that you whistling just now?

Boreas. No, sir! I'd scorn such a cat-like whine.
 That pipe's a mere sham when compared with mine.
 Pooh! you should hear me waking up the morn,
 My mother's sometimes blowing on Cape Horn.

[*Whistle again.*]

Nep. There it is again; what means this awful screamer?

Oceanus. They're saluting maybe, the new Galway steamer.

Nep. What, will these lines stretch out for gracious sake,
 Till a mere highway of our realm they make?
 Galway; where's that?

Oceanus. Off nor'—nor'—east, a point or so,
 The Western coast of Ireland.

Nep. Oh ho!

We are surprised, indeed; is this the case?
 Have they, in truth, found out there's such a place.
 Columbus, go put a nightcap on your head,
 This last discovery's put you to bed.
 Some new philosopher with daring hand,
 Has steered the shortest way from land to land.
 Laud we the cotton lord's whose selfish lore
 Ignored the friendly intervening shore,
 Sticking like beeswax to the maxim sound,
 The short way home must be the long way round.

Oceanus. This seems to tickle you.

Nep.

I'm pleased to know
 The good time's coming, though it has been slow,
 For my most favored Island, and that Fate
 Will see her in her pride, the Emerald gate
 Through which must pass the ever-rolling tide
 Of prospering commerce, never to subside,
 And her bright banner to the skies unfurled,
 Reflect the glory of the Western World.

Voice. [*Above.*] Look out below there!

Nep. Why—what's this I wonder?

Voice. Take care of your heads there, stand from under!

[*Lead line dropped—it strikes NEPTUNE.*]

Nep.

Hallo, drop that! I mean pull up! confound your lead.
 I find it don't respect a royal head.
 Even in Davy Jones' locker, we can't rest,
 Or call it safe though one of Herring's best.
 Who is it plays upon such chords as these,
 Sounding with such stringed instruments our seas?

Enter TIME, disgusted, his glass broken, R. H.

Has anything gone wrong with you?

Time.

Behold!

The time by Time no longer may be told,
 My glass is broken, my affairs wound up:
 A hopeless bankrupt now, I'll have to stop
 And go on tick; I thought it would be so—
 But this has given me the final blow.
 Henceforth I sink into a mere machine,
 My actions shrouded and my works unseen,
 And with my hands upon my face express
 The inward throbs mankind can only guess;
 But I shall bide my time.

Nep.

I guess you'd better.
 Hollo! what's this? why, as I live, a letter!
 And to that graceless scamp addressed—so, so.
 Now how the cat is going to jump, we'll know.
 Read.

Time. [*Reads letter.*] "On board the Agamemnon, half-past nine."
 Um! "The two liners send you down a line

To say that all's prepared, and rain or shine
The union must take place this very day,
The parties will be with you right away.
Columbia is on hand.

Nep. Our daughter, dear!

Time. [*Reads.*] "As Albion's proxy will St. George appear."

Nep. Here's a flare up; we'll quench it, never fear.

Time. [*Reads.*] "Be careful now, and naught can mar our plans."

Nep. I'm naught then, for I'll soon forbid the bans.

Boreas, old buster, go unlock the cave

Of Æolus, and let the Venti rave.

Get all the Peter Funk's and Puffer Hop-

Kinses from every mock auction shop.

Let all the mad Macbeth's and Richard's spout.

The English and Italian singers shout.

Bring every organ, tamborine and hurdy-gurdy,

And all the tenor voices cracked by Verdi.

Load the big guns that at all dinners show;

Cram all the flowery orators that blow.

Fetch the old wigwam, sachem, braves and all,

And let them o'er some party question bawl

Bring every element of noise along,

We'll treat this youngster to a *vol a vent!*

Oceanus. Shiver my timbers!

Nep. Well, what's the matter?

Oceanus. They're lowering something from above.

Nep. So much the better.

We'll catch them now without the slightest doubt,

All you've to do is keep a good look-out

Oceanus. Aye, aye, sir!

Nep. Time!

Time. I'm up to the scratch.

Nep. D'ye think, old chap, you're at a sparring match?

Time. Excuse me; I'm confused.

Triton. Here comes the spark,

With Amphitrite.

Nep. Now then, let's keep dark,

And all retire, like prudent politicians,

When there's no chance to keep their old positions.

We'll match outside, though when we're sure to win,

Make no more bones about it, but sail in.

[*Music, "Zitti Zitti."* All go off. *Music changes to "Evening Bells."*

ELECTROS and AMPHITRITE enter. Two diving-bells descend; as soon as they touch bottom, ELECTROS waves his wand; the bells open and discover COLUMBIA and ST. GEORGE.

Elec. Auspicious moment!

Amphi. Daughter, to my heart

Let me enfold you. And how are you?

Col. Smart.

- Elec.* Yes, that you are, and for your age a *one-er*
That might be reasonably called a stunner.
- St. G.* I'll have to introduce myself, I fear.
My name's St. George, you know.
- Amphi.* I'm glad to meet you here.
Electros.
- Elec.* Delighted. I have seen your name
Amongst the cricketers, I think.
- St. G.* The same.
- Elec.* There is the lady, sir; why don't you go
And greet her?
- St. G.* Well, I don't know, you know.
I only represent, you know, the other side.
I'm pleased, you know, of course, and feel great pride,
You know; but then my temperament's phlegmatic—
On a short notice I can't get ecstatic.
- Amphi.* You seem to shrink from this affair, my child?
- Col.* To tell the truth, ma, I'm a little riled.
- Amphi.* Why so?
- Col.* To be united in this quiet way!
I'd like to have a little more display.
Besides, he might have come himself, I think.
- Amphi.* At that formality you'll have to wink.
Princes by proxy wed, you know, my pet.
- Col.* But he's no Prince, nor am I married yet.
- St. G.* May it please you, madame, to accept my hand?
- Enter, at the back, NEPTUNE and the rest.*
- Nep.* No, don't. Quick! now's your time; secure his wand.
[*TIME snatches wand from ELECTROS.*
So, we have caught you! Hold him fast—he's wirey,
And for so small a spark, uncommon fiery.
- Elec.* You needn't hold me, I sha'n't run away;
It's but postponed until some future day.
- Nep.* Wife, I'm surprised!
- Amphi.* I thought it for the best.
- Nep.* Oh! you did, did you?—but you might have guessed
I wouldn't like it. What have you to say,
Unduteous child?
- Col.* Well, since you storm this way,
And raise such obstacles, I've no objection
Now to return the gentleman's affection.
- St. G.* Bravo! that's hearty.
- Nep.* Silence! Who are you?
- St. G.* St. George of Merry England, firm and true
Where duty calls; and now my blood is warm,
I swear, however you may fret and storm,
We'll come together yet; and she and I
You and the banded universe defy!
[*They rush towards each other.*

Nep. Ha! Boreas, divide them; blow them up
 Into their ships again. I'll make them sup
 Sorrow for this before their homes they find,
 If I have any power to raise the wind.

FINALE TO ACT.

CHORUS.—“*Norma.*”

Clear off! steer off!
 Take yourself from here off;
 Far from this latitude, my friend, you'd better sheer off!

TIME.

Cut him out, shut him out, foot him out, put him out,
 Longer here he cannot shine;
 Blow him up, tow him up, show him up, row him up
 Home by the Salt River line.

ELECTROS.

I dreamed I was sojourning in the halls, of true hospitality,
 Nor thought I should dance at the Codfish balls, of such aristocracy;
 But soon I shall join her for better or worse
 For nothing can quench my flame,
 And though not much beholden to you, old sea-hoss,
 I thank you all the same.

COLUMBIA and ELECTROS.—“*Norma.*”

And when together our hands are joined in peace,
 May then forever all jarring discord cease.

NEPTUNE.—“*British Grenadiers.*”

Now take a fool's advice: keep dark,
 And don't you interfere,
 Or you might find a hungry shark
 If you should flounder here.
 And so, my spark, you'd best embark,
 Or else you'll raise, I fear,
 Such a row row row, as just now now now
 If you come sparking here.
 [*All join in a combination of harmonious eccentricities.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Yankee Clock Factory of Time. Every description of time-piece seen in this scene. A large practicable clock in centre.*

TIME discovered, cleaning and repairing his works.

Time. Confound these Yankee clocks! there is no knowing
The trouble that I have to keep them going.
Time they've no chance to keep, for 'Time—poor elf—
In these hard times can hardly keep himself.
Ah! when the old time I look back upon,
'Twas but mere pastime; for, when Phœbus shone,
All work was off my hands, and men could trace
The passing hour upon the dial's face;
In sunlight only I pursued my trade,
And when 'twas cloudy, slumbered in the shade.
But now I'm overworked—Time's in demand
In every quarter and on every hand.
Toil, toil, without let-up, through day and night,
In shine or shadow—hang me if it's right.
I might as well be a small-debt collector,
A steamboat runner or a parish rector,
A mean rich man's professional adviser,
Plantation hand, or city itemizer,
The blackest slave that cultivates the rices,
Or else the whitest—made so by starvation prices. [*Knock.*
Who's *this*, now? some poor debtor come to shin,
And buy a little time, perhaps. Come in.

Enter ELECTROS, disguised as a Yankee clock peddler.

Who are *you*, creeping in at such a pace?

Elec. A poor clock peddler, please your three days' grace.

Time. Poor clocks, indeed. And what do you want?

Elec. I carry

A note of introduction.

Time. Ah! from Sperry.

He's gone ahead of me, I hear; they say
He keeps two kinds of time now in Broadway.
And what may be your business, sir, with me?

Elec. Knowing your wondrous skill, I fain would see

My way ahead—in fact, I want to go
Across the ocean, and yet dread a blow.

You'll oblige me much by naming when together
We may expect a fortnight's pleasant weather.

This favor of your wisdom I would borrow.

Time. D'ye think I'm Mr. Merriam or Madame Morrow?

Elec. Why, can't Time see into the future?

Time. No;

I'll tell you what he can see into, though:

He can see through that very thin disguise;

I've found you out, confound your magnet eyes!

Elec. Well, since you've found me out, I must give in.

Time. What brought you here ?

Elec. It was the hope to win
From you forgiveness, by repenting all
That I let drop below in Neptune's hall.
To show you now how deeply I regret it,
I am prepared to take it back—if I can get it.

Time. Your hand. That's handsome—I can ask no more.
I must confess I felt a little sore

At first—your new philosopher's so flout me,
When the fact is they can't get on without me.

Elec. Then, this time can I count upon your aid ?

Time. Well, since complete apology you've made,
I will assist you if I can.

Elec. Then I'll go bail,

If you agree, there's no such word as fail.

The only thing I fear is Neptune's frown.

Time. I'll send my fairest month, July, to smooth him down.

Of all my daughters she can charm him best ;

Quiet his ruffled brow and calm his breast ;

His airs, however blustering, compose,

And soothe his very heart into repose.

Elec. That's a good plan—the only one, indeed,

That I know of, through which we can succeed ;

For, while he's slumbering, good care we'll take,

And be too deep this time to let him wake

Before the knot is tied. But where's the maid

Whom you design our enterprise to aid ?

Time. You've come auspiciously ; for yonder bell

Will at the same moment ring the knell

Of dying day, and hail to-morrow's reign ;

July comes with it, and her gladsome train shhgh

Of joyous days and happy hours. [*Chimes.*] That chime !

To-day is dead—long live to-day ! [*Music, "Yes, to-morrow."*]

Elec.

That's regular, old Time.

CHORUS.—*Somnambula.* [*Without*] *Piano, accompanying the chimes.*

Yes, to-morrow, 'tis to-morrow,

Or soon will be, we should say ;

Thus ending all our sorrow,

Let us hail the coming day.

[*At the first stroke of the bell, JULY bursts from the clock-case, followed by the male chorus as the Days, and the females as the Hours. A short descriptive ballet of action and chorus.*]

ENSEMBLE.—*Market Chorus.* "*Massaniello.*" [*At entrance, tamborine accompaniment.*]

Come, joyous hours, with song and dance

Awake ye from your lengthy trance ;

Trip gaily trip, July is here,

The sweetest daughter of the year.

Dance then merrily,

Sing then cheerily ;

Happy time is ours,
 Summer and its flowers,
 Joyous hours, &c.

- Time.* I'm glad to see you, daughter.
July. Thank you, pa.
 I'm so delighted to get out. How's ma?
Time. Well, only middling; that eccentric child,
 Her youngest son, the comet, sets her wild.
 He's taken to the stage.
July. What?
Time. Honor bright.
 Stars in the west, appear there every night.
 What do you think of that?
July. He's bound to shine.
Time. Let me introduce you to a friend of mine.
 My daughter—Mr. Electros.
Elec. How d'ye do?
 Pleased at the honor.
July. Sir, the same to you.
Time. You'll go to Newport, this season, I suppose?
July. I'll have to go, you know, where fashion goes.
Time. You'd better start at once.
July. Your will is mine.
Time. See Neptune speedily; should he incline
 To be at all unruly when you meet,
 Subdue him.
July. I'll soon bring him to my feet.
Time. There, lose no time.
July. I shall about it straight.
 [Chorus repeated. Tableau. Closed in.]
- SCENE II.—*Part of Neptune's Establishment.*
Enter NEPTUNE, followed by OCEANUS, R. 1 E.
- Nep.* Bring me no more reports our seas between,
 None that are disagreeable, we mean.
 What! have you to be told, at your ripe years,
 That naught should ever reach a monarch's ears
 Might put him out, or in the least degree
 Disturb his royal equanimity.
 In future, what I say you'll understand?
Oceanus. My eyes! but ain't this coming Captain Grand?
Nep. You've heard me?
Oceanus. I won't say another word
 But this: the truth ain't always pleasant to be heard.
Nep. Well, that's my business.
Oceanus. Then it's all serene.
 May it please your majesty, here comes the queen.
Nep. What did I tell you?
Oceanus. Well, I didn't know
 That message wouldn't suit you.
Nep. Go below.

Oceanus. Aye, aye, sir. Since he won't hear what I've to say,
Let him find out a rougher sort of way.

Enter BOREAS, L. H.

Boreas. Gas-pipes and mammoth posters! here's a shindy!

Nep. What! can't I have a moment's rest? Shut up your windy
Mouth! you're Gassier than a Gassy-nigger.

Boreas. What! won't you hear me?

Nep. Biow? No!

Boreas. Then you're a bigger
Fool than you're aware of. Why——

Nep. You'd best keep quiet.

If you persist in such a blazing riot,
I'll send my submarines to keep you in awe,
Or put the whole ocean under martial law;
Quarter an army here of occupation,
And make you pay like rats for every ration.

Oceanus. It's against the law; you can't do no such thing.

Nep. Rebellious relative! am I not *King*?
My temper's variable; don't you task it,
Or you'll find your heads in the rotation basket.

Oceanus. But captain, look.

Nep. Belay your jawing tacks;
'Bout ship, and take another course. Make tracks!

[*Exeunt OCEANUS and BOREAS, L. H.*]

My wife looks warm; I spy domestic chowder.
Well, if she's loud, I think I can be louder.

Enter AMPHITRITE, R., slightly riled.

Amphi. I've found you out, my lord.

Nep. That's not so clear;

How can you find me *out*, ma'am, when I'm here?

Amphi. I *hear*; there's no necessity to bawl.

Nep. And so do I, ma'am; so you needn't squall.

Amphi. My wrongs bid me speak out—wrongs past a cure!
Not I alone, but my whole sex endure.

Nep. If they're incurable, where can there be

The use in wasting eloquence on me?

Remember, there are no reporters by
To dress your speech up for the public eye.

Amphi. Rudeness or ridicule sha'n't put us out;

Woman will be heard——

Nep. Without a doubt;

Nor can they be too often heard, my dear,

Within the limits of their proper sphere.

Amphi. Who dares define that limit?

Nep. Common sense.

Woman to man should be an influence,
And not a demonstration. I just mention
This little fact against the next convention.
There's a fine chance to be poetic.

Amphi. Don't;

You'll only be more stupid.

Nep. Well, I won't;

You see how mild I am.

Amphi. I'll tell you why

She's here!

Nep. Who's here?

Amphi. Your favorite, July.

Nep. Why, you're not jealous?

Amphi. I am sir, I declare it.

Nep. All I can say is, you must grin and bear it.

If you're so silly.

Amphi. Then as sure as fate

If you flirt with her, I'll retaliate.

Nep. Ha! ha! who with, ma'm, I should like to know?

Amphi. That nice young man was here a while ago.

Nep. Electros? he's as dead as Julius Cæsar,

Dished and gone under.

Enter ELECTROS, R.

Elec. Not yet, if you please, sir,

Nep. He here again! where's Boreas?

Enter TIME with JULY, L.

Time. Now's your time.

Nep. And she? ingratitude's a heinous crime

Without these.

Enter OCEANUS, L.

Where's Boreas? can't he hear me roar?

Oceanus. Well, not conveniently, he's gone ashore.

Nep. What for?

Oceanus. He told me just before he was to start, he

Was bound to Syracuse to harmonize the party.

Nep. Confusion!

Oceanus. Here he is!

Enter BOREAS, L.

You didn't go?

Boreas. Of course I went but hadn't half a show,

There were chaps there could teach me how to blow.

Nep. Well, blow your hardest, send this chap sky high;

And now my friend, you'll find your end is nigh.

Elec. Both ends you might have said, your majesty.

Nep. Tie me no ties, we have no Tieman here.

Elec. Don't be too sure of that.

Nep. Sour krout and lager bier!

Where are those Dutchmen?

Time. [To JULY.] My instructions mind,

Those bullying breezes in your fetters bind.

Meantime, I'll go and see the couple joined.

[Exit TIME, L. H.]

Nep. What ho! without!

Enter the WINDS, L. H.

July. My pleasant hours appear.

Enter all the HOURS, R. H.

Nep. What do I see! is insurrection near?
But spite of all the denizens of dry land,
From fertile Sandy Hook to Staten Island;
Camp, cooks, commissioners, brass band and all,
By our prerogative we'll stand or fall;
Now, my brave wind-bags spread yourselves a few.
Blow, Boreas, blow as you know how to do!
Blow every one of you, until all's blue!!
Upon 'em!—charge!!

Boreas. How much?

Nep. Just what you will,
The tax-payers you know will foot the bill.
Go in!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Solo.—NEPTUNE.—“*March, March, Ettrick and Tiviotdale.*”

Blow, blow, puff out and stretch your hides,
Swell like a gobbler, each blustering snorter.
Blow, blow, stove-pipes and ophoclydes,
Lift the rascallions right out of the water.
Blow like new candidates
Who from bad brandy date,
Rapid advance to political glory,
Crow up like chanticleers,
Row up the mutineers,
Blow as Brignoli blows in Trovatore.
Show science then, my rigid musclemen,
Pitch in without delay,
Show science then, and I'll bet a little ten
We'll have it our own way.
Strike out like the Benecia Boy,
And all your skill display.
Until his eyes with the many color vies
Of the ribbons on Broadway.

CHORUS: Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
Now rows will win the day.
Uprouse ye then my shoulder-hitting men,
For it is our only way.

Ballet of action—allegoric contention of the Seasons—the boisterous influences finally subdued by the Genial Hours—they then proceed to attack NEPTUNE, who naturally resists, but finally has to submerge also.

Nep. Would you assault the monarch of the seas?

Elec. Now pray don't put yourself in such a feeze.
Take my advice and simmer gently down,
You're reign is over you may bet your crown.

Nep. Is the chair empty? the sword unswayed? the king dead?

Elec. The gilt is wearing off that gingerbread,
Have the world's changes passed you by unseen,
I little thought to find the sea so green.

Submit as gracefully as you know how,
Immortal science is sole monarch now.

- Nep.* We are electrified, no doubt of that,
And so must abdicate—here, take my hat. [*Hands crown*
Elec. You've acted well, and your reward shall be to ELECTROS.
Henceforward in your neighborhood to see,
Spreading their friendly pinions to the breeze,
The messengers of commerce crowd the seas;
By war's rude din with shrieks of anguish blent,
The circumambient air no more be rent,
But this all humanizing power increase,
Till the whole world be linked in bonds of peace.
- Nep.* Honors are easy—this time I give in,
Bye-and-bye I'll catch you where the wire is thin,
And then look out for squalls, for *that*, my hero
I rather guess will knock your stock to zero.
- Elec.* I'll risk it—but suppose you do—what then?
We've only to pick flint and try again.
At least we're all right now my old sea rover.
- Nep.* That's "a good enough Morgan," till the excitement's over.
Elec. Come! shall we see the hemisphere's united?
Nep. I would with pleasure, but I'm not invited.
Elec. Oh, that's all right; now, potent wizard fly
And take us to the surface high and dry.

Gong and instant change to the top of the waves.—A splendid allegorical group rises from the waters, indicative of the union of the two worlds, a tax on stage managerial ingenuity which the indigent author would not, if he could, presume to pay.

CHORAL FINALE.

Now let your voices
Sound over the sea,
Who but rejoices
In amity.
Thus then forever,
Joined hand in hand,
May Columbia and Albion be united.
Foes to oppression let them be,
A lamp to the benighted,
Until throughout humanity
Dwell peace and brotherhood unblighted.

Solo.—NEPTUNE.

Oh! there was once a sea-king, his name it was Old Nep,
In the days long ago, long ago,
He had no care on the top of the earth,
'Twas a place where he never had to go.
Then hang up the trident, and also
Strike up the bones and the banjo,
No more chance for poor old Nep,
For he's gone where all old fogies go. [*Chorus repeated.*

THE END.

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